

BASED ON THE TERRIFYING NOVEL



STEPHEN KING'S

IT

## **Sammy Hates Clowns by EmpireEmpress**

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**Summary:** After children begin to go missing in Derry, Maine, Sam and Dean go to investigate. They think things will be simple until they find their greatest fears lurking in the shadows behind them.

# 1. Chapter 1

Hey readers. I know it has been a very long while since I last updated or wrote anything. I didn't have access to a computer for a long while and I tried writing on my phone, tablet, Ipad, none of which worked well. Anyway, I just got back from watching the remake of Stephen King's It in theaters, I also started watching Supernatural. I just finished season 3 and I'm taking a break from a devastating season finale episode. Once I finished watching the movie (Well part of it anyway, the second 'chapter' is coming out sometime) I got this idea. What if Sammy and Dean Bean (Don't laugh at the nicknames even though I can't tell. Or can I?) had to face off against It. So here I am writing my first 1) crossover 2) Supernatural fic 3) movie related fic 4) horror story So, I'm really excited.

**Comment to get featured in the next chapter**

**Please silence you phones and no texting because the movie is beginning.**

A small girl in a bright red dress and yellow rain boots jumped in the rain puddles. Her mother and father sat in the house watching her from the window. The girl's light brown, pigtails bounced with her as she gleefully played in the rain.

"Hey, little girl, could you please help me?" A voice asked. The little girl turned around and found nobody behind her.

"Where are you?" She called out to the strange voice.

"Down here." It called. The girl saw a storm drain and skipped over too it. She got down on her hands and knees and looked in.

"Hello?" She called into the drain. A pair of yellow and red eyes stood out against the darkness of the drain.

"Could you help me?" The voice asked once more.

"Okay." She replied cheerfully. The voice extended a long white arm

out of the drain.

"I've been stuck down here for a very long time. Could you please help me out?" The girl grabbed the voice's hand and began to pull it out. The girl's parents noticed through the window that she was pulling something out of the drain. They leapt from their seats and dashed out the door.

"Come a little closer." The voice coaxed. The girl scooted closer to the drain and reached her hand in. Her parents ran down the street towards her. The oddly colored eyes looked out of the storm drain and at the girl's parents.

"Come just a little closer." The voice said. The girl reached in up to her elbow. The voice's hand grabbed her arm and pulled her in. The girl screamed in terror as she tried to rip her arm free from the thing's grasp. The thing stuck its rows of sharp, jagged teeth into the girl's arm, removing it from her body. The girl came tumbling backwards.

"Abby!" Her parents screamed for their daughter in horror. She tried to get away from the thing. It showed its ugly white face with red lips and even redder teeth. It grabbed her yellow rain boots and began to pull her back into the storm drain. Abby screamed and kicked but, the horrific thing had a tight hold on her. Abby's dad grabbed her waist and pulled her out of the boots. The once white hands, now bloody red, pulled the yellow boots into the drain and disappeared.

## 2. Chapter 2

**Hello readers. Got another chapter!**

Sam Winchester and his annoying older brother Dean cruised down a highway in the lobster loving state of Maine. The black 1967 Chevy Impala blared AC/DC's Back in Black. Sam looked over at his brother who was dramatically singing along.

"You sound like a dying cat!" He shouted over the music. Dean made a face and shouted back.

"You look like an angry hippo!" He continued singing, even louder this time. After what felt like days of driving, but was only a few hours, they arrived in the small town of Derry. Dean skillfully parked the Impala and stepped out. Sam was glad to finally stretch his long legs. Even though he was the younger brother, Sam was much taller than Dean. The duo headed to the town's diner to eat.

"So, it's been almost a month and there are no new cases. Are you sure you haven't found anything?" Dean asked Sam for the thousandth time that week.

"Yes Dean, I'm sure. I've checked every website, newspaper, heck I even called Bobby and Ellen. There's nothing." Sam replied, annoyed by Dean's constant nagging. They ordered and waited for their food to arrive. A group of teen boys and a teenage girl entered the diner. They all looked terrified. The group took the booth next to Sam and Dean's. The hunter's instincts told them to listen in.

"That's the fifth kid this month." Informed one of the boys.

"Yeah, Abby lived right next door to me. She was like a little sister to me." Replied the girl.

"Nobody else believes us! They act like the kids aren't going missing. Like everything is fine!" Shouted one of the boys. The others shushed him and continued speaking quietly. Sam and Dean stood and left the diner.

"We finally got a case." Sam said as he tossed a pile of papers, missing posters, and articles on Dean's lap.

"Four kids went missing this week. Most people will overlook that sort of thing. Then I dug into the town's history and I found that exactly twenty-seven years ago, over ten kids went missing, then another twenty-seven before, more kids missing." Sam explained as Dean flipped through the research.

"So, what's our first plan of action?"

Dean tugged at his cheap tie while Sam stood next to him patiently waiting for the door to open.

"Do we have to wear these monkey suits?" Dean complained like a child being dragged along to somewhere he didn't want to go. Sam sighed and rubbed his temples. The door opened to reveal a woman with bright blue eyes and blonde hair. Her face was stained with tears and she held a tissue in her hand.

"Hello ma'am, I'm Detective Sam and this is Detective Dean, we are from the police department. We came to get some information about your daughter's death." Sam said calmly. The morning woman opened the door completely and invited the two in. The brothers sat on a light blue sofa with white pillows. The woman's husband entered the room and gave the men a look of confusion.

"They are here about Abby, hun." The wife informed and sat in the chair across from them.

"Oh, weren't the police here yesterday?" The man asked still a little confused but, mostly sad at the mention of his daughter.

"We came to double check on things. It's what we always do. And we are very sorry for your loss." Sam informed.

"Can you tell us what you saw that night?" Dean asked, Sam pulled out a notepad and began taking notes.

"It was raining out and Abby loved to play in the rain so, we let her. We were watching through the window when we noticed her looking through the storm drain. We thought she was just being a kid. We

didn't..." The husband choked up. He sobbed silently into his hand. The poor man's wife comforted him. She continued for him, barely able to speak too.

"We saw her pulling what looked like a hand out of the drain. We ran out to grab her when, whatever it was pulled her arm in and bit it off." The woman took a moment before continuing.

"It grabbed her legs and tried to drag her back into the drain. Jason made it to her before it could and pulled her away. We called an ambulance but, Abby bled out before it got there." The woman cried with her husband.

"Did you see what grabbed Abby?" Dean asked. Sam began to apologize when the man stopped him.

"I saw its face." He stated. Sam and Dean looked at him in surprise.

"It was white, with dark red lips. It's hair was orange." The man poured a glass of whiskey and shakily drank it.

"And its eyes, I'll never forget them. They were yellow with red irises. When I looked into them, they were cold and unforgiving. Those eyes could rip the soul right out of a body with a single glance." He shuttered and downed another glass of whiskey.

Sam and Dean headed back to the Impala.

"What do you think killed Abby?" Dean asked.

"Honestly, I have no clue. I've never heard of anything like it." Sam replied worriedly.

"It's not like we haven't gone in blind before." Dean attempted to reassure Sam but, failed miserably.

"Dean, we have no clue what we are up against. We have no clue what can kill it or if that's even possible." Sam insisted.

### 3. Chapter 3

**And another chapter! 3 in one night! Wow!**

They drove back to the motel in silence. It was almost midnight by the time they made it to their room. Sam flopped down on a bed, happy to finally sleep even though the mattress was hard as a rock. Dean took the bed near the door and fell asleep as soon as his head hit the pillow. Sam was exhausted but, he couldn't fall asleep.

"Sammy." A voice whispered. It sounded like a child. Sam sat up and looked over at his brother, who was sound asleep.

"Sammy." The voice called again. Sam got up and stepped outside.

"Sammy, please, come play with me." Sam pulled the gun out of his back pocket and followed the child's voice. It lead him to the back of the motel where a door was cracked open. Sam heard a giggle coming from the room. He slipped into the room silently and listened carefully. He walked down the creaky staircase and into the basement.

"Sammy, do you want to play a game?" The door slammed shut locking Sam in. A single light in the center of the underground room clicked on. A single red balloon attached to a rock sat under the light. Sam walked towards the balloon. 'I love Derry!' Was printed on the balloon in faded pink letters. A shadow darted across the room, the sound of footsteps came from it. Sam pointed his gun at the boxes stacked randomly around the basement. Sam sensed something creeping up behind him. He turned and pointed the gun at whatever was behind him, but, all he found darkness.

"You'll float too!" Screamed a shrill, male voice. It wrapped it's white hands around Sam's throat. Sam kicked and clawed to no avail. The thing choking him only laughed and tightened its hold. Sam used the last of his strength to pull the trigger of his gun. He successfully shot the thing in the thigh. It released its hold on Sam to clutch its wound. The man dashed towards the exit and pounded on the door in attempt to break it down. The door wouldn't give. He heard the thing roar in anger and began making its way toward him. Sam dove



behind a stack of boxes.

"Sammy, Sammy, Sammy." The thing tisked.

"That's not a very nice way to play. You're going to get in trouble for that." It stalked closer to Sam's hiding place. He reached for his gun but, it wasn't there. Sam spotted it next to the balloon. Still staying in the shadows, Sam crept towards his gun.

"Do you want to play a game, Sammy Boy?" Asked the thing. It was getting closer to Sam.

"How about hide and seek." As soon as it said that, the single light went out. The room was so quiet, Sam could hear his own heart beating. Sam stayed in one place trying to find where that thing might be.

"Found you." It whispered in his ear. Sam's stomach did a flip and he raced away. It grabbed Sam by the leg and pulled him back. Sam clawed at the ground and grabbed anything he could hold.

"Don't be scared Sammy, you'll get to float." Said a voice Sam knew all too well. He turned in shock to see it was Jessica pulling his leg.

"You'll float too, Sammy." Blood began to drip from her lip onto Sam.

"You'll float too! You'll float too!" She screamed. Her body caught on fire, her skin began to blister and melt away.

"You'll float too! You'll float too! You'll float too!" She continued to scream. Sam tried to get away but, her grip was too strong. She dragged talon like fingers down Sam's chest, leaving deep marks. Sam screamed in pain. It felt like his body was on fire. Sam saw a iron rod near him. He grabbed it and tried to stab Jessica with it. She saw it coming and grabbed his wrist. She twisted it and his wrist made a sickening pop. Sam cried out, and dropped the rod. Jessica grabbed it making the metal turn red with heat. Sam kicked at her but, Jessica rolled Sam onto his stomach and pulled up his shirt.

"Now you don't need to wear a ring for people to know your mine." She said before bringing the hot iron down onto Sam's skin. Sam's screams covered up the hiss of his burning flesh.

Dean jumped out of bed and raced outside. He knew something was wrong with Sammy. Dean heard a muffled scream coming from behind the building. He dashed towards a closed door behind the building. He kicked the door but, it wouldn't give. Another scream, much louder this time came from behind the door.

"I'm coming Sammy!" Dean shouted and took a running start at the door. It gave and Dean raced down the stairs. He couldn't believe his eyes. A disgusting, burning figure that resembled Jessica was torturing Sammy. Dean was shook back into reality by another pain filled scream coming from Sam. He aimed at 'Jessica's' head and pulled the trigger. Everything went silent and Jessica fell over. Dean grabbed his brother and pulled him away. Jessica began to change, her skin became white, her burning clothing became a clown suit, her straight blonde hair became curly, orange clown hair. The thing lifted its horrid face and smiled wickedly at Dean. It got up and dusted itself off.

"Well, that was very fun." It said while pulling the bullet out of its deformed skull.

"Isn't Dean such a good big brother. Saving little Sammy." The thing said. It flicked the bullet at Dean and stepped into the shadows.

"What are you?" Dean called out. It popped its disgusting, bloody face back into the light.

"I'm Pennywise." It cackled before slipping back into the shadows and disappearing. Dean leaned Sam against him and hauled him out of the eerie basement. Dean laid Sam in the backseat of the Impala and sped off towards the hospital.

## 4. Chapter 4

**Hello readers! I've been debating whether or not to put Cas in this. Let me know in the comments.**

**A special thanks to Blondie 20000 for reviewing!**

Sam awoke with a throbbing in his head. He tried to sit up but, a large hand gently pushed him back down.

"De?" He asked groggily. His mind was foggy and unable to form a complete thought. All he could focus on was the pain.

"Hey Sammy, it's me." The familiar voice of his brother made Sam relax a little.

"Wh't hap'nd?" Sam tried his best to speak but, all the pain medications made his words slur. Dean's hand gripped Sam's reassuringly.

"Don't worry about that right now. Just get some sleep Sammy." With that Sam let his eyes close and he fell into a deep sleep.

*Sam grabbed a flashlight and started running through the woods.*

*"Dean?" He called out. Sam heard footsteps behind him. He whipped around and swiftly held a blade to something's throat.*

*"Whoa, geez Sammy. It's just me. You can put the knife down." Dean said, his emerald eyes shimmered in the moonlight. Sam relaxed and let the knife drop.*

*"What are we doing out here anyways?" Sam asked confused. Dean raised his brow and gave Sam a worried look.*

*"You don't remember? Geze that clown must have done a number on you. We got a lead at lunch and came hunting for it. Now let's get a move on Sam, before it takes any more children." Dean explained hurriedly. Sam began walking then stopped. He turned and held the blade to Dean's throat again.*

*"Sam, what has gotten into you?! What are you doing? We need to find that thing!" Dean said surprised and worried. Sam chuckled and backed Dean up against a tree.*

*"You must think I'm stupid." Sam said still laughing. Dean looked at him with complete confusion.*

*"Sam what are you talking about?" He asked.*

*"Since when do you call me Sam?" Sam said pushing 'Dean' up against a tree. A shrill laugh came from Dean's mouth.*

*"Ooh, you're good, Sammy Boy." The fake Dean said. Dean's features began to be remodeled into the thing's features. It ripped the blade from his hand and dropped it onto the ground.*

*"Where's Dean?" Sam demanded through gritted teeth. It still had Sam's hand in its grasp when it replied.*

*"I'll show you, Sammy Boy!" It replied cheerfully before throwing Sam into a well. Sam landed at the bottom with a large splash. He inspected himself for damage but, found none.*

*"This is getting weirder by the second." He thought aloud before taking a look around. Sam found a tunnel at the edge of the well and followed it. He found himself in a large opening that was still underground in what he guessed was, the sewers. Sam inspected the gigantic pile of junk. Some of it looked old and some of it looked brand new. Something dripped on Sam's head. He looked up to find bodies, hundreds of children's bodies floating in the air. Some of them were missing arms, legs, heads even. He walked around the humongous pile and found something that made his blood run cold. He found Dean floating in the air staring at nothing. Sam ran up to him and grabbed Dean's leg, pulling him down. Dean's eyes were milky white and nothing else. Sam called his name but, Dean didn't react. He tried giving him a little slap on the cheek, shaking him, screaming his name. Dean didn't move. It was like Sam's nightmares had come true. He lost his only brother, his only family left. Sam was alone. He could hear footsteps and a voice singing a song.*

*"Tick tock goes the clock. Now what shall we play? Tick tock goes the clock. Now Summer's gone away. Tick tock goes the clock. And then what*

*shall we see? Tick tock goes the clock. 'Till thou shalt marry me. Tick tock goes the clock. And all the years, they fly. Tick tock goes the clock." It paused and held Sam by the throat.*

*"Now you and I must die." It's demonic voice sang as he lifted Sam off the ground. The white skin on its hand ripped off and revealed a black, bony one. It drew its hand back and shoved it into Sam's chest.*

**Tick tock is a little lullaby from Doctor Who. Shout out to all my Whovians! A cliffy eh. Pretty scary right?! Well you just have to wait and see what happens.**

## 5. Chapter 5

**Got another chapter for you guys so, enjoy!**

Sam awoke gasping for air. Dean was by his side in seconds.

"Sammy! Are you okay? Sammy, I need you to breathe." Dean tried to calm Sam down. Sam saw his brother and sobs racked his body. Dean pulled him close and held Sam tight to his chest.

"It's okay, Sammy. I'm here. I won't let anything hurt you ever again." He cooed. Sam calmed down enough to speak. Dean still kept Sam close to him like his life depended on it.

"Thanks, Dean." He said still trying to wrap his mind around the fact it was all a dream. "This is real Sam. Dean is okay, you're okay. It was all just a very realistic, painful, bad dream." He told himself.

"Sammy, what happened?" Dean asked, worry showed on his face. Sam looked away, he could still see the white, lifeless eyes of the Dean in his nightmare.

"It was just a bad dream, that's all." Sam tried to dismiss. Dean gave him a stern look that Sam couldn't ignore. Dean's face softened when he saw how disoriented Sam was.

"Sammy, you can talk to me. I'm here." Dean reassured.

"What happened to no chick-flick moments." Sam laughed. He looked over at Dean and gave in to the puppy dog eyes he was giving Sam.

"Fine. If I agree to tell you about my dream, will you stop with the face." Sam sighed. Dean nodded and his face lit up like a kid on Christmas.

"That Pennywise guy impersonated you and killed me. There, happy now?" Sam said grumpily. Dean gave Sam a glare.

"You may have almost died but, that doesn't mean I'll cut you slack. I want all of the details." Dean demanded. Sam hesitated for a minute.

"Now, Sammy." Dean said a little more sternly. Sam took a deep breath before telling Dean the whole story.

"Are you sure this is a good idea?" Asked Stanley. The group of seven stood at the entrance to a giant sewer tunnel.

"W-w-we got to f-f-find a w-way to take down this thing." Bill stuttered bravely. He gripped his flashlight tight as he shone the narrow beam in the dark tunnel.

"If Bill is going in, then so am I." Beverly stepped forward to stand by Bill. They turned to face the others. Ben and Eddie looked at each other before stepping forward too. With a nod towards Bill, Richie stepped forward also. Mike and Stanley looked nervously at the darkness of the sewer tunnel.

"Ummm, maybe you guys will need lookout." Stanley suggested.

"Yeah, yeah, we could stay out here." Mike agreed. Bill rolled his eyes and grabbed their wrists. He dragged them along into the tunnel. The group turned the first corner and were surrounded by complete darkness.

"Maybe this is a bad idea." Ben said nervously. Bill lead them forward.

"Hey!" Shouted Beverly. The boys turned toward her.

"What happened? Are you okay?" They asked.

"Who just grabbed my butt?!" She asked, anger making her face cherry red. When all the boys denied Beverly became pale.

"Then who..." She trailed off. A malicious giggle was heard from behind her.

"Run!" Eddie screamed. They all took off, running like gazel from a lion. They didn't stop until they saw the light of the tunnel's exit. They made it out of the tunnel before turning to see what was chasing them. But, all they found was darkness. Bill shined his flashlight into the tunnel but, they found nothing.

"Guys. Where's Eddie?" Mike asked. Everyone began to call his name. They hoped so much that Eddie made it out before them. A shrill scream came from the tunnel.

"Eddie!" The group called for their friend as they raced back into the tunnel. They heard another scream. They turned the corner and found Eddie pinned to the wall by a clown with curly orange hair, red lips, and even redder hands. It's wild yellow and red eyes bore into the group when they entered tunnel.

"Well, well, well. What do we have here. Did little Eddie's friends come to join the party?" It smiled cruelly and dropped Eddie. Bill caught sight of a iron rod and grabbed it. He held it, ready to strike the creature.

"G-g-get back." He commanded.

"You didn't say please." It said, showing its bloody, sharp teeth with a wicked smile. Once it was away from Eddie, he crawled behind a corner that led to another tunnel. He spotted a small pile of chain near the thing's feet. He began to creep towards the chains while it was distracted by Bill and the others. It loomed over Bill and the others and continued to get closer. Once it was in range, Bill swung as hard as he could. The rod bent as it collided with the creature's head.

"That wasn't very nice, now was it Billy." It mocked. Bill's blood boiled at the nickname. His brother used to call him that before that monster slaughtered him.

"Don't you ever call me that again!" Bill screamed. He stabbed the rod through its throat and shoved it back. Eddie took his opportunity to grab the chains and wrap it around its neck.

"Over here!" Richie called out to Eddie. Eddie threw the chains and it towards Richie. Richie caught the chains, jumped up onto a crate and connected the chains to a hook hanging from the tunnel roof. It grabbed at the chains as it choked. The chains dug into its neck, making it bleed. The blood dyed its white clown suit deep red. Its legs kicked, desperately searching for ground, then went limp. The group stayed close together as they left the sewers. They thought they



won but, little did they know that deep in the sewers where they left it hanging. Its hands slowly crept up to the hook that kept it suspended in the air. It ripped it from the ceiling and silently landed on the ground. A blood stained smile slowly spread over its white face. It unwrapped the bloody chains from its neck

**Oooooohhhh, yet another cliffy. I got scared writing this. Just telling you guys, even though I'm writing, I can still feel what you guys (hopefully) feel when you're reading it. I'm going to publish again soon so you won't have to wait too long for another chapter.**

## 6. Chapter 6

Sorry for taking so long to post the next chapter. School and stuff makes it hard to post especially when I have teachers who love giving two tons of homework every night. I have fallen multiple times from the weight of homework in my backpack. (True story! Embarrassing but, true.)

Special thanks to blackcat505 for commenting!

Extremely special thanks to gemm1mt! This thanks isn't for commenting but, also giving story ideas. You are a big part of this story!

Sam and Dean walked out of the hospital and headed towards the Impala. They noticed the same group of teens they saw at the diner. They seemed to be celebrating but, they were covered in dirt and blood. The smallest of them was limping behind them. Sam left Dean's side to approach the group.

"Hey, are you okay kid?" He asked the limping boy. Sam crouched down and went to take a look. The boy pulled his leg away from Sam.

"Yeah, I'll be fine. It's probably just a sprain." He replied, showing discomfort. His friends began to stand defensively next to him. Sam backed away from them to show he was trying to help.

"Eddie is f-f-fine. We have to l-l-leave." Stuttered the boy who seemed to be the leader. He took Eddie's arm and draped it around his neck. The group left without another word.

"How did that go?" Dean laughed as Sam walked back over to him. Sam gave him a look that said 'shut up.' They hopped into the Impala and drove back to the motel.

"Sammy, you've been researching for hours. You should get some rest." Dean suggested. His brother would work himself to death one day.

"I'll sleep when this Pennywise thing is dead." Sam said blandly. He continued to look through articles on his laptop. Dean closed it dramatically and grabbed Sam. He dragged his protesting brother to one of the beds.

"Sleep." Dean commanded before flopping down on the second bed and falling asleep himself.

*Dean stood a forest. He had no clue where he was or why he was there.*

*"Dean." A gravelly male voice called from behind him. Dean turned on heel and found Castiel standing in front of him.*

*"Cas, what is it?" He asked worried. Normally Cas would contact him if something important was happening.*

*"You need to stop hunting Pennywise." He deadpanned.*

*"The clown thing that is stealing kids and only comes out every twenty-seven years. The same creep that tried to kill Sammy. Yeah, sure I'll totally stop." Dean said with heavy sarcasm. Castiel pinched the bridge of his nose in annoyance.*

*"Unless you want to get yourself and your brother killed, I suggest you stop." Castiel informed. Dean shot him a glare.*

*"No matter what I say, you're not going to stop, are you?" Cas said with annoyance. Dean nodded with a grin.*

*"Fine. But, I still have orders to keep you alive." With that he left Dean alone.*

Dean awoke to Sam's shouting.

"Hey, what's going on?" Dean asked dazed. He rubbed his eyes and saw Sam pointing a gun at Castiel. Dean jumped out of the bed and over to Sam.

"Sammy, it's okay." Dean assured as he pushed the gun away from Cas.

"Sammy, this is Castiel. Cas, this is Sammy." Dean introduced. Sam

put his gun away but, still eyed Cas warily.

"Now that we are introduced, let's get down to business." Cas said in his gravelly voice. He began to sift through articles.

"Uh, Cas. What are you doing here?" Dean asked. Normally Castiel showed up when Dean called or to deliver some information. But, he would disappear afterwards.

"I have to keep you alive. Since you wouldn't drop this, I have to tag along." Cas clarified, still looking through the articles.

"How about Sammy and I go search the town, while Cas stays here and looks through the articles." Dean suggested. Cas shook his head.

"No, I have to stay with you. Dean and I will search the town. Sam can stay here and research." Castiel ordered with a disgusted look towards Sam. He stood and grabbed his trench coat and headed out the door. Dean followed with a shrug at Sam.

"What was that?!" Dean shouted once he closed the motel room door.

"What?" Cas asked innocently.

"You know what. Whatever problems you have with Sammy, you need to tell me, now." An infuriated Dean demanded. Cas looked over at him, his expression stone cold.

"Your brother," He spat out the name as if it was venom.

"Has demon blood coursing through his veins. He will become one of them and there is no stopping it." Dean stared at Castiel in total disbelief. Cas really thought Sammy, his brother, would go dark side.

"Sammy's not going dark side." He stated.

"How can you be so sure?" Cas asked as he continued to stare forward.

"Because I won't let him." The rest of the drive was in silence. Dean parked the car outside of an old rickety house. He stepped out and opened the trunk.

"You'll need these." Dean informed as he tossed a shotgun and a flashlight to Cas. After grabbing a gun for himself and another flashlight. Dean closed the trunk and the duo walked to the front door.

"Look at this." Cas said. He picked up a wooden plank with bent nails.

"The board is old but it was recently pulled out." Cas informed.

"How can you tell?" Dean asked.

"There's a hammer over there that wasn't there yesterday." Cas explained.

"Oh." Dean's face reddened. He should have noticed that. Both men went completely silent when they heard a rustling coming from inside the house. They ducked through the broken door and slowly crept towards the noise.

"Hello little Becky. Would you like a balloon?" Asked a voice Dean knew all too well.

"Please, I want to go home. Just let me go home." Pleaded the voice of a little girl who Dean guessed was Becky. They jumped into action when they heard the girl scream. Dean fired without second thought at the tall figure looming over a much smaller one. The figure came crashing down. The floor beneath it began to creak dangerously. Pennywise recovered and tried to stand up. The rotting wood floor beneath him cracked.

"Uh oh." Was the last thing Pennywise said before the floor gave out beneath him and he was engulfed in the darkness of the cellar. The little girl was still standing in the same spot just inches away from a gaping hole in the floor.

"Is it dead?" She asked, shaking with fear.

"Yeah. No living thing could climb out of that." Dean assured. Sam held out his hand for Becky to grab. As soon as her foot took a step forward a white hand shot out of the hole and grabbed it. Becky screamed in terror.

"We're not done playing, Becky." A chilling voice called out from the darkness of the cellar.

**Another cliffhanger oooooohhhh! Sorry for not updating. I'll try to do it more.**

## 7. Chapter 7

Um, hi, uh, \*nervous laugh\* So, I am not dead \*cough\* yet. \*cough\* I kinda pulled a Houdini and left you all hanging, but I have a new chapter FINALLY. Sorry for the wait! Please don't kill me. \*Dean voice\* I've already done time down under! I'm not going back again! Unless Sammy's in danger, or they offer me pie. I may go back for a pie. Cherry.

Anyhoo, enjoy your loooooonnnnnnggg overdue chapters!

Sam and Dean jumped into action. Dean grabbed the girl while Sam attempted to stab Pennywise. Sam jabbed an iron rod down into the pit and was rewarded with a gargled cry. Dean carried the girl out the door with Sam right on his heels. They ran all the way to the Impala without stopping. Dean set down the shaking girl and kneeled to check her leg.

"Are you okay?" He asked. The girl nodded shyly.

"Is your house far from here?" Sam asked.

"No, it's just a couple of blocks." She informed.

"Then we'll drive you." Dean insisted. He opened to car door for Becky. She hopped in and they drove to a two story house with light blue, peeling paint. The roof was covered in black, worn shingles that were falling out. The door had no paint and a broken window. They pulled up to the eerie house and parked the car. Sam and Dean reluctantly followed the young girl to the front door. She knocked a couple times but, nobody answered. She turned the doorknob and opened the door to reveal a white wall with a mysterious red liquid splattered on it. Becky stepped in and signaled for the brothers to enter too. They cautiously took a step in. She lead them through a small hallway into what seemed to be a living room. The air was musty and thick which made it extremely hard to breath. The only thing worse was the smell. It was much worse than any smell rotten eggs and spoiled milk could ever make. Then the duo found out why. The girl lead them into the dining room. In the center of the room was a massive oakwood table, and on top of it was a man and a

woman. They were covered in blood and diced vegetables. The man's arms and legs were missing, the woman was curled up into a fetal position. Both of their jaws were broken and held a large, bright red apple.

"Do you want to stay for dinner?" Becky asked. Sam and Dean gave each other a horrified look.

"Uh, we already ate. Sorry, we have to go." Sam said quickly. Dean and him began to walk towards the door when it slammed shut.

"All the other kids didn't want to stay either. But, with a little influence," Becky picked up a butcher's knife and looked at it fondly.

"They changed their minds." She ended in a distorted voice. Sam and Dean slowly walked back towards the girl. Dean reached in his pocket and pulled out a flask, he slowly opened it without Becky noticing.

"Please, take a seat." Becky ordered. Three chairs pulled out from the table, she took a seat and signaled for them to take one too. Dean held the holy water flask behind his back, he slowly walked towards the seat next to Becky. He whipped out the flask from behind him and threw the holy water at Becky. The liquid hit her skin but, it didn't burn her.

"That didn't work." Sam stated.

"Oh really? I couldn't tell." Dean shot back sarcastically. Becky grabbed Dean and hurled him into the table.

"Ewwww!" He exclaimed as he landed on the mutilated corpses. Sam was held against the wall. Becky had her butcher's knife up and ready to strike. Sam tried to move his arms, his legs even but, they seemed to be glued to the wall.

"Dean!" He called. His brother shook out of his daze and jumped into action. Becky flicked her wrist and sent Dean flying again. The girl brought the knife down on Sam's shoulder. He cried out in pain.

"Sammy!" Dean shouted, worry and anger flowed through him. He grabbed a knife of his own and charged Becky. She grabbed Dean's



shoulder and threw him into Sam. Dean prepared for a harsh landing but, it never came.

"You have sinned greatly. For this you shall be executed." Said a gravelly voice. Dean looked up in surprise. A man with messy brown hair, an undone tie, and a tan trench coat was holding him bridal style. Dean's face went tomato red.

"Um, Cas, thanks for the save but, could you put me down." Cas looked down at Dean and set his feet on the floor.

"Thanks." Dean said before stepping to the side to let Cas do his thing.

"You can't execute me. I'm just a child!" Becky exclaimed.

"We all know you're no child." Castiel said in what Dean called "his angel voice."

Cas held his hand to her head, but instead of Becky being smote into oblivion, she turned into Pennywise.

"What does it take to kill that thing?!" Dean shouted in frustration. Castiel also seemed surprised. He backed away from the terrifying figure whose height exceeded Sam's.

"What now?" Sam asked looking at Cas hoping he had an idea.

"Run." Cas suggested. He grabbed Dean and Sam's shoulders and teleported them out of there. They appeared back at the motel. Dean staggered a bit dizzily.

"I forgot how much I hate the Angel Express." He said, his face turning a sickly green color.

"If angels can't kill it, what can?" Sam asked, taking a seat on the nearest bed. Cas awkwardly did the same.

"I don't know." Castiel answered in his gravelly voice.

"Great! Just great! We have an angel of the Lord, but he can't gank a stupid clown!" Dean raged. He paced the room, his mouth going

faster than his heart. Dean was scared. He was absolutely terrified. This Pennywise thing not only kidnapped children, it also threatened his baby brother, successfully tricked them, and is immune to angel mojo. 'What if we can't kill this thing?' 'What if it hurts Sammy, or worse?' Dean's mind raced. The hunter was pulled out of his horrifying thoughts by a pair of strong arms wrapping around him. Dean saw the arms belonged to Sammy. When Dean wiped his cheek he realized that he had been crying. Dean's face reddened somewhat.

"I thought I told you no chick-flick moments." Dean joked, pushing out of the hug. Sam gave him a worried smile. Dean looked towards his bed and noticed that Castiel was gone.

"He went to do some research." Sam informed, it was as if he had read Dean's mind. Dean nodded and sat down on his bed.

"We better get some shut eye then. I don't know about you, but after that fight, I'm worn out." Dean said kicking off his boots and laying down.

## 8. Chapter 8

**As DJ Khaled said, "Another one!"**

Sam woke up in the middle of the night gasping for breath. He had a nightmare about that stupid clown again. It had taken the form of Jess and tried to kill him, again. Sam decided that he probably wouldn't sleep the rest of that night, so he did some research. The sun began to rise over the horizon. Birds were chirping and Sam was still awake. His head slumped forward and hit the desk, waking him up again. Dean jumped up in bed at the thud. He looked at his little brother quizzically.

"How long have you been up?" Dean asked with concern.

"I dunno. Never really slept, I guess." Sam replied after a minute. Dean sighed, Sam was hiding something.

"Nightmares?" Dean asked while gathering his clothing for the day. Sam mumbled a reply that sounded something like a 'yeah.' Dean couldn't really tell.

"I'll see if I can find Cas and we'll hit the library. You stay here and try to get some rest." Dean informed before stepping into the bathroom for a shower. 'How am I going to fix him this time?' Dean thought worriedly as hot water ran down his back. When Dean had finished, he stepped out of the bathroom to find Sam, asleep at the table. Dean felt a smile tug at his lips. He carefully carried his giant brother over to a bed and laid him down.

"I'll find a way to fix you, Sammy." Dean quietly promised the sleeping moose before heading out the door. He hopped in the Impala and called Cas's name.

"Dean, you need me?" The deep voice of the one and only, Castiel came from the passenger's' seat. Dean jumped at the sudden appearance of the angel.

"Geeze Cas! I told you not to do that!" Dean shouted. In all honesty, he didn't expect the angel to appear at all. "Sorry, Dean." Cas said

sheepishly.

"Got any info on Pennywise?" Dean asked as he kicked the Impala into drive and sped off towards the library.

"I couldn't smite it, so it must be a creature of a higher power." Cas replied.

"So, like a god?" Dean asked, hoping that wasn't true. Gods have always been extremely difficult to kill. They always messed with your head, or needed a one of a kind weapon. "Maybe. I'm not sure, but the patterns of feeding, and the power it possesses are similar to that of a god." Castiel put together. Dean sighed in exasperation.

"Great, just great. At least that narrows down the list." The duo pulled into the Derry Public Library parking lot. They hopped out of the Impala and prepared themselves for a long, boring day. Eddie grabbed Bill's hand and pulled himself up onto one of the impossibly tall bar stools at the diner. The group each had a milkshake of their favorite flavor in front of them.

"So, it's dead. We did it?" Mike asked the group. None of it felt real, like it was all just some really weird nightmare.

"That freaky thing is gone. We really did it!" Beverly cheered. The group sat at the diner, laughed, and celebrated. They were about to walk home when Bill stopped cold.

"N-no." He whispered in horror. The others halted their happy chatter and looked in the same direction as Bill. Tied to the storm drain across the street was a single red balloon that read 'I love Derry.' A pair of yellow and red eyes that were all too familiar sent the group biking in terror to Bill's house.

"Oh my God! Oh my God! How is that thing not dead?!" Screamed Richie.

"We're all gonna die!" Ben cried. The group was panicking except for Beverly.

"Will you idiots just shut up!" She demanded. All of them went silent and stared at her.

"So what if this thing is still alive? Whatever we did the first time obviously didn't work. So, I say we figure out a way to kill it for good, and we try again." Beverly finished her speech and began walking out the door. She stopped when she saw everybody was still staring at her. "Are you guys going to stand there like a bunch of wimps, or are you going to help me kill this thing?" Beverly asked, getting them to snap out of it.

"B-bev is r-r-right." Bill stuttered and followed the ginger. The others nodded and did the same. They hopped on their bikes and headed to the library. Stanley carried a few books about the town's history over to a table.

"Is that all of them?" Mike asked, confused.

"No, the librarian said two guys had most of them." Stanley gestured to the table diagonal to them. At it sat two men. One was wearing a trenchcoat, black dress pants that were muddy at the hem, and a loosened blue tie. His hair was unkempt and he had stubble growing on his lower face. The other man had an old brown leather jacket and a flannel shirt. His cowboy boots poked out from under the bottoms of his muddy boot cut jeans. His hair was styled with gel and his face also had some stubble.

"Who are those guys?" Asked Eddie.

"I've never seen them around here before." Richie informed.

"Maybe they're here about the missing kids?" Ben asked shyly. The group knew it was most likely not true. Nobody really cared about a couple of kids going missing. Bill balled his fists. "If they are, they better find Georgie." He mumbled, thinking nobody would hear. But, the whole group did. They knew how sensitive Bill was about his little brother's disappearance. The police had stopped looking after a few days. Bill and his family had to bury an empty casket. He hadn't really been the same afterwards. Jaw set and hands still in a fist, Bill marched over to the two strangers. The two looked up at the fuming teen.

"Can we help you?" Asked the guy in the leather jacket.

"A-are you t-t-two cops?" He asked.

"We're FBI." Dean replied holding up his fake badge.

"A-a-are you here about t-the disappearances?" Bill asked them, his nails digging into his palm.

"Yes, we are. Do you know anything about it? Even the smallest detail will help." The man asked with hope. Bill looked at him hard. 'Is this guy trustworthy? He probably wouldn't believe us anyway.' Bill thought to himself.

"Look kid, even if it seems completely impossible, we'll believe you." The man said, seeming to be reading Bill's thoughts.

"Y-you probably won't b-b-believe a word we say, b-but." Bill paused and called over his friends. They looked at the strangers warily, but trusted Bill's judgement and each pulled up a chair.

"A-a-alright. T-this is going to sound crazy, b-but bear with us." Bill warned and began telling the story from Georgie's disappearance. The others had jumped in at certain points and they even had to stop a few times, because they began talking all at once. The way they recalled the events, and how in tune they were with each other when telling the story showed that it wasn't possible for them to be making this up. Castiel took notes about certain things, such as the scare tactics it used, and were it seemed to hide out. Each of the kids turned pale as they told Cas and Dean of when they saw the supposedly dead creature stare at them from the storm drain.

"And only you saw this Pennywise creature?" Castiel asked the group.

"There was a bunch of people, but we were the only ones who noticed a pair of freaking yellow eyes staring at us!" Richie shouted. He apologized to the librarian when she told him to quiet down.

"It seems that the creature can pick who can see it and who can't." Cas stated bluntly.

"We'd better find out some more about the town's history. Maybe there is something in there that will tell us what it is." Dean suggested.

"We'll h-help. That's w-w-what we came here to d-do in the first place." Bill stuttered and grabbed a book. The table flipped through page after page in the town's history.

## 9. Chapter 9

**And another because you guys deserve it! Seriously, please don't kill me.**

At the motel, Sam did the same. For a couple of hours, until there was a knock at the door. Sam got up from his seat and grabbed his gun off of the table. He pulled the hammer back slowly and put his finger on the trigger. He silently crept towards the door. He looked out the peephole to see Dean standing there. He waited for Dean to pull out his keys, just to make sure it was really him. Right on queue, Dean pulled out a pair of motel keys and unlocked the door himself. Sam stepped back, with a bad feeling tugging at his gut. Sam pushed it away, this was Dean. As long as he's with Dean, he's safe. Or so he thought.

"Sammy! Geeze, you scared the crap out of me." Dean said, holding his heart.

"Why didn't you answer the door when I knocked?" He asked while grabbing a beer from the fridge.

"I wanted to make sure it was you and not that Pennywise thing." Sam replied, retaking his seat.

"Oh, well, did I pass the test?" Dean asked in a joking manner.

"Uh, yeah. That's why I let you in, De." Sam answered confused. Dean laughed behind him, but it wasn't a happy laugh. The one that resounded from Dean's throat was cold and humorless. It made Sam shiver. The horrified man's eyes went wide when he realized he had just made a horrible mistake.

"I think you need a new test, Sammyboy." Chuckled the dark being that dared impersonate his brother. Sam was fed up with this freaking clown! Why was it picking on him, for Christ sake?! Why wouldn't the horrid thing just leave him alone?! He was barely able to sleep before, and now he couldn't even close his eyes. Sam was done. He was going to murder that thing with his bare hands!



"Just leave me alone!" He screamed at the creature. Sam lunged at 'Dean' and enclosed his hands around its neck. The thing let out a strangled gasp as its airway was cut off. It clawed at Sam's hands, losing its inhumane strength.

"What's the matter? Can't toss me across the room anymore?" Sam laughed. He was most likely going insane, but at least he wasn't being clobbered at the same time.

"I'm not afraid of you! You're just another monster. No different than the ones we gank daily." Sam squeezed 'Dean's' throat tighter. He felt blood begin to seep from under his hands. Sam threw the creature into the dirty motel wall. It transformed again, this time into Sam's mother. Sam was about to beat the thing into next week until he saw his mother's eyes. They looked scared. Sam lowered his fist, instantly regretting it when he felt a burning sensation in his upper arm. The thing that took the form of his mother had long, black, talon like fingers sprouting tearing out of his mother's. Sam was emotionally and physically exhausted. Despite Dean's request, he hadn't gotten any sleep. As soon as the door had closed, Sam had awoke from yet another nightmare.

"You're not my mother." Sam growled and when to punch the beast when it changed form again. This time, it was Sam's father. Sam pulled his fist back. He couldn't keep doing this. The adrenaline rush had worn off and Sam knew he couldn't keep fighting. But he couldn't give up either. For Dean's sake, the real Dean's sake. Pennywise was able to sense that Sam's thoughts were on his beloved brother, so it took the form of Dean. This time instead of just a normal Dean, he was all battered and bloody. Fake cuts littered his face along with several stab and gunshot wounds. Sam almost burst out in tears when he saw it.

"De?" He called out instinctually.

"Sammy. Please help me." It replied, reaching out it's hand. Sam shook his head. 'No, this isn't real.' Sam told himself.

"Please, Sammy. Don't let me die." The fake Dean called. Blood poured from his mouth telling Sam he was not going to make it. Sam couldn't take the sight, his biggest fear was losing Dean. He needed

the other, he couldn't be alone. Sam sank to the floor.

"It's not real. It's not real. It's not real." He repeated over, and over. Tears welled in his eyes, but he refused to let them fall. The thing that was pretending to be his brother moved closer to him.

"Sammy, please. Save me." It called out once again.

"You're not real!" Sam screamed at it. He continued to back away from the thing until he felt a familiar duffle behind him. Sam secretly slid his hand into the duffle and pulled out a knife. He had accidentally grabbed it by the blade, but he would worry about that later.

"I'm sorry, De." He said before throwing the knife and by some God given merical, hit the thing right in the eye. 'Dean' screamed and attempted to pull the weapon from his eye. Sam took this as his opportunity to escape. He kicked its legs out from under it and make a run for the door. He tucked his gun into his waistband as he bolted away from the motel. He had made it to the town library where Dean and Cas were, hopefully. Sam, knowing his luck lately, didn't hope too much. He stepped into the library. He remembered that he looked like a bloody mess when he saw the way people looked at him in horror. He hid his injuries the best he could while he looked for Dean.

"Sammy?" He heard Dean call. Sam look in the direction of the voice, surprised to see the group of kids they saw the other day with Dean and Cas. They seemed to all be researching together.

"Geeze Sammy. I thought I told you to stay at the motel." Dean said, worry evident in his voice. He dragged Sam over to the table and sat him in a chair.

"Dude, you look like you fell off a cliff and landed in a pit of rabid ferrets." Stanley commented when he got a good look at Sam.

"Feels like it too." Sam replied holding his wrist, which was probably broken in several places. "Can you fix him, Cas?" Dean asked. The angel nodded and brought a hand to Sam's forehead. Sam felt a sense of peace wash over him as his wounds magically healed.

"What the -" Richie was cut off by Dean.

"Language!" Richie gave him a look that said 'seriously.' Dean sat down in the chair next to his brother.

"What happened?" Dean asked.

"I was researching until Pennywise The Fear Consuming Clown came busting in." Sam replied, exhausted beyond description.

"Fear consuming?" Asked Mike. Sam nodded.

"That's it!" Eddie shouted. He pulled Castiel's notes out of the pile of books and read them back.

"Every time we see this thing, it's as our deepest fears." Beverly caught on.

"How did you get away, Sammy?" Asked Dean.

"Last time you were with Pennywise, I had to come save your sorry butt." He continued. Sam rolled his eyes at his brother's comment.

"I guess I just wasn't afraid of it. I was angry." Sam replied.

"If we g-get over our fears, then it has n-no power a-a-against us." Bill stated.

"Then, maybe Cas could smite it." Dean added. The group looked at Dean confused.

"The magical healing, then the talk of smiting, what is Cas?" Asked Richie.

"I'm an angel of the Lord." Castiel stated. Stanley almost passed out.

"Holy crap, an angel. Please don't tell God about all the stuff I've done." Stanley began to sweat.

"What did you do?" Mike asked.

"It was just one time! I swore never to do it again!" Stanley freaked out.

"What did you do?" Ben asked.

"I ate a bowl of macaroni and cheese on the Tanakh." He whispered. Castiel smiled at the boy's foolishness.

"I'm sorry! I was just really hungry and I had been studying it all day." Stanley rambled.

"You will be fine, Stanley. I will not tell God anything." Castiel promised the boy. Stanley visibly relaxed and the new group started their hunt for Pennywise with a new determination.